

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

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Volume XXXVIII.....No. 220

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth
street.—MIMI.BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—THE SKELETON HAND—
THE MONKEY BOY.WOODS' MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—
FOURTH FLOOR. Afternoon and evening.THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 514 Broadway.—VARIETY
ENTERTAINMENT.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near
Broadway.—FUS IN A FOG—OLD PHIL'S BIRTHDAY.NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and
Houston sts.—THE BLACK COCK.METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 55 Broadway.—VARIETY
ENTERTAINMENT.CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—SUMMER NIGHTS' CON-
CERTS.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, No. 618 Broad-
way.—SCIENCE AND ART.DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 685 Broadway.—SCIENCE
AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, August 17, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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SECURITIES IN LONDON! THE BANKS
LOSE \$3,000,000 IN THE EXCESS OVER
LEGAL RESERVE—THEATRICAL NOTES—
FIFTH PAGE.POSTAL SERVICE EXTRAORDINARY.—The other
day a letter was mailed in the lamppost box
against the HERALD office for a friend at 100th
street, in this city, and on the third day after
it was delivered. But this is not a single
instance of the inefficiency of the postal
service. Letters to parties in the neighbor-
hood of Harlem are frequently two days in
reaching their destination. Only think, a
letter could go from here to St. Louis in the
same time it is going from one part of the
city to another. Evidently a little reform is
needed here. We notice the fact for the pur-
pose of calling the attention of the Post Office
authorities to their sleepy local subordinates.ACTIVITY OF THE MINT.—It appears from our
Washington correspondence that the Secretary
of the Treasury has ordered the Philadelphia
Mint to work to its full capacity in coining
gold and silver. Like instructions have been
given to the mints at Carson City and San
Francisco. The coinage at San Francisco will
be exclusively trade dollars and double eagles,
and will amount for the month to three mil-
lions in value. It is said the monthly addi-
tion to the stock of coin has averaged three
and a half millions. The trade dollar, as is
known, is intended chiefly for exportation, and,
we presume, the double eagles are expected to
be used in the same way. The coinage of gold
at the Philadelphia Mint is progressing
at the rate of three millions a month. The
new trade dollar is much liked by the billion
dealers of London, by the Chinese and by for-
eigners generally.The Passion for Change—Is It Working
for Good or Ill?

We are apt, when viewing the past, to be swayed alternately by the two sources of opinion thereon which are represented in the regrets of an old man for his youth or in the exultance of a young man, who, fired by what he is and what he may be, thinks age venerable perhaps, but only in so far as it sets off his own vigor by the contrast. So the antique is exalted or humbled by to-day as the fit takes us. The passion for change is, as we all know, and as Horace said to Maecenas long ago, a living pleasurable pain to the human mind everywhere. Some ages have been more favorable to its supremacy than others, and some peoples or races have thrown themselves at its feet in those ages with a devotion that seemed as if it would never weary; but it did weary, and the passion died for the time or was abandoned to others. Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome had each their passion time, and we acknowledge the blaze of that passion, while the pathos of the mound of Kouyunjik, the ruins of Persepolis or Istakhar, the Pyramids, the Acropolis and the Coliseum fills us with a sacred sorrow for what, like the might of Babylon, is "gone on the wind." We turn with a single thought to the present of steam power, the telegraph and the printing press, and all the long toils and gorgeous achievements become mere unprofitable dust, to be shovelled out of the way and out of mind. We forget that all the rise and fall, all the growth and decay, were not the mere accidents of circumstance, but the bold, if sometimes blind, mastery of the passion for new things, as the Romans said. If we have somewhat trampled the irregularities of this passion for change and in general trained it into the paths of production, instead of letting it destroy as quickly as it shaped, we are far from having reached a criterion by which the selection of proper means for proper ends can be infallibly judged. We have climbed up laboriously to the position we hold. What rocks of old error we have tumbled down any freshman will tell you with confidence; but, save where moral truths are relieved of ancient cobwebs and science has been able to fill up old pitfalls and mark out firm footholds, where will the present strike its heel upon the past and be certain that it has struck an error or a wrong? They had republics, empires, kingdoms and theocracies as we have now. They were as little satisfied with either then as the world is to-day. Since all exact criterion was lost and fact confounded philosophy, optimism took refuge in a platitude, as the best it could do, and hungered after "the greatest good of the greatest number." It was only "devil take the hindmost" with improved facilities for getting away from the Spirit of all Evil and the Father of Lies. But ever since man left the savage state the greatest number have had the least good things, and, progressive as we are, there seems no reason to believe that we can change all that in a day. Emperors professed the platitude because they wished to blind their peoples, and republics have professed it to blind themselves. Socialism, as it is called, goes a step further and guarantees the greatest good for all; but there is so much that looks very unlike good in their programme, which is always perfected, and they possess in general so few of the good things themselves that the All-good in a Phrygian cap is readily taken for just the reverse. They are cutting throats about the matter in Spain just now, and probably will be for the twentieth time cutting them in France in a little time to come. Where John Adams prophesied that we would be celebrating the Fourth of July in fireworks forever we are menaced with Caesar before a hundred years have passed, not in the impalpable ghostly form that startled Brutus on the eve of Philippi, but with strong devil-fish arms that may call forth an effort which Victor Hugo might imagine, but the nation does not realize, before the monster can be laid to rest. The passion for political change has been sated in the masses, and the few are stricken with it to forge fetters for the Republic. In England they are busy levelling, with gradual progress—levelling down, say, those who cry for the monarch and the few; levelling up, say, those who want to make sovereigns of all. Between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Bradlaugh, between the Duke of Argyll and Joseph Arch, the question is the same—to let alone or to uproot, whether religion or title to the soil. His Holiness the Pope represents religious faith in its most conservative form; Professor Tyndall represents faith in its most radical shape. The one invokes the power of Heaven; the other defies it, and those who sneer most at the Pope's appeals to Christ shudder at the scientist's profanity. The young man who believed he could have given valuable hints to the Creator, if he had been consulted, lived, no doubt, to lose that complacent confidence in himself. If he married a lady of high temper, that had appeared an angel in his wooing hours, it was sufficient to accomplish all his friends could wish. An age fancies itself omniscient or omnipotent, yet it stumbles across a hundred failures to one success; but the struggle is glorious, and one success is worth all that has been spent on it.

Here, in New York, the aspects of the passion for change may be closely studied. We kicked out the Tammany "Ring" neck and crop, and immediately reshaped things in the name of reform. Montague went out and Capulet came in, and we are not at all satisfied with the successor. They had a "slapdash" way of stealing and spending in the Tammany time; our reformers have gone to the other extreme, and give us a crafty honesty and a corner-grocery style of expenditure which hinder the city's progress and dissatisfy the people nearly as much. So the average citizen, whose eyes were in former times offended by diamond-studded loafers at the City Hall, and who now beholds there a deputation of unpaid laborers, retires home in disgust and cries "a plague on both your houses!" But the passion for change will be up in arms again full soon, and another set will be pilloried for what they did and what they failed to do. No sooner has the orator launched into the stately firmament to sing the praises of the iron horse and the speaking lightning than he hears shouts on all sides against monopolies. Merchants want a double-track freight line to the West and everybody wants opposition cables to Europe. What shall be said of our theatres? The decline of the drama is the parrot cry of the Nestors who saw great stars in great plays in their heyday. We do

not hear so much of the poor actors and the poor plays they fittingly murdered. Realism, sensationalism and what is called emotionalism chase each other in mad frolic amid gorgeous "setting," and the critics vacillate between ecstasy and despair, and then look heavenward in vain for fixed stars in the firmament of taste. The vanished stars have never been measured by any rule that a new generation can understand, so the adorer of the past makes his idol a thing in the darkness, and the postulant of the present puts a bold face on the matter and just as blindly pronounces the idol a fraud. This is a farce behind the scenes; but the passion for change goes on, and why should we weep though the fun be very sorry and very foggy? It will last our time, and that is all that we want. We build Mansard roofs on our houses because they look well, and when our houses burn from the top down we cry down with Mansards. If our men have a passion for change, does not Dame Fashion represent its most marked embodiment for women? A head of hair built up on the Chinese model, and a form tortured into an ostrich curve, in the name of a pseudo-Archaism, may never commend themselves to posterity; but we can indulge the bitter hope that posterity will do even worse. The way in which a Saratoga belle will become sentimental over the statement that Arab maidens dress now just as Rachel dressed when Jacob came up to the well, is a curious commentary on her anger that the cut of her evening dress is four weeks old. Religion is a delicate matter to touch when we talk of mutation; for it is supposed to deal with the unchangeable. Yet how many of our worthy ministers that shine in their pulpits on Sunday and in the HERALD on Monday are racking their brains for something new as well as something true to say? Our schools are touched with the passion, and when one school is fighting for high education and another for broad education, some fight for the narrowest as the best. Those smitten with song rush into wildness, vagueness, sensuousness or inanity, and each is anxious to know which will be recognized a century hence as the school of to-day. Let them all struggle and push on, the passion for change is healthy on the whole. We would neither stagnate, as China does, nor become a world of mad Utopians. If many men are young there is much gray hair in the world. The escape valves where the change-passion may find harmless vent are many. Long experience has proved that the world will withstand an extraordinary amount of this passion ill-directed, while it is always the better for a successful experiment. If in its triumphs this age is eminently self-conscious, the next will smile patronizingly at our vanity and accept the success without thanks. So, as the passion for change is a pleasure and sometimes a profit, let us be pleased while we may.

The Spanish Imbroglio.
The HERALD special despatches from Spain give the features of the situation. The news, although slightly more encouraging, does not permit us to hope that the end of the present trouble is near at hand. Cartagena still holds out against the government, and makes preparations for a protracted and bitter struggle. The Carlists in the North not only maintain their position, but add victory to victory. Biscay and Guipuzcoa may be said to be completely conquered; the town of Bergha has fallen before the Carlist troops, and preparations are being made for a concentrated attack on the Province of Aragon. The government, however, shows some signs of life and energy. A bill has been approved by the Cortes, calling out eighty thousand of the reserves; and it is possible, after all, that the Republic may come forth from the struggle victorious. Meantime the war ships of the world gather in increasing numbers around the Spanish coast, and it becomes more and more evident that, while Spain may work out her own ruin by intestine war, she is not to be allowed in any way to disturb her neighbors. The Carlist sympathizers are endeavoring to make an international question out of the seizure of the English steam yacht, Deerhound. She was seized, it is stated, in French waters, and was decoyed into the power of her captors by the latter hoisting the English flag. It was certainly a good use to make of the Union Jack. The Spanish government should take no heed of this red-tape threatening.

MURDERS BY INDIANS on the Plains are becoming dangerously frequent just now. The horrible fate of the two ladies in Wyoming Territory, the particulars of which have been already published in our columns, and the outrages which are constantly taking place wherever these pets of the government can find a defenceless object to attack, should open the eyes of the chiefs of the Interior Department to a sense of duty and to the necessity of promptly and severely punishing these reservation soundrels. The United States troops pursue them and undergo danger, privation and fatigue in trying to protect settlers against them. What can our gallant cavalry do when the government protects these redskin cut-throats on their reservations after they have imbrued their hands in the blood of women and children? If the government will follow General Sheridan's advice, to allow the troops to punish marauding Indians after they reach home, and to strike them wherever they find them, murder will become too expensive a luxury for these children of the Plains, and they will entertain more salutary respect for their Great Father in Washington.

THE VIENNA PRIZES.—It has often been said of the British government that in spite of its great naval and military resources it is never prepared for war when the occasion arrives. It begins to be fully ready only when the war is ended. It seems to be much the same with the United States in the matter of exhibitions. We made ourselves a laughing stock at the London Exhibition of 1851. We have done the same at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. At London, however, before the Exhibition closed we commanded attention and won our laurels. And so, now, at Vienna, we are to have nine first class prizes. Four prizes are to be given us for our excellence in methods and general progress of education and schools. A similar number of prizes rewards our mechanical ingenuity. One prize comes to us for our display of cotton and cotton products. Let us be thankful, but let us not rest. The Centennial Exhibition will be a more severe test than that of Vienna.

Spirit of the Religious Press.

While some of our religious contemporaries are discussing the life and the bearings of "Mr. Beecher's theology" Mr. Beecher or his associates are discussing in the columns of the *Christian Union* the mysterious processes by which old-fashioned Western camp meetings have been transformed into religious watering places. The editor insists that it is a mistake to call these gatherings camp meetings any longer, and Methodists might as well make up their minds once for all that "the camp meeting element must decrease and the watering place element increase." To project a red-hot camp meeting into a community of weary people seeking relaxation is an impossibility, and these places have fallen into disfavor with the professional camp meeting evangelists. The editor honors the old-fashioned camp meeting for what it has done, "but it does not flourish well on sandy beaches where there is surf bathing, and its hearty amens grow weaker among the refinements of Martha's Vineyard, Ocean Grove or Sea Cliff." The *Union* also discusses the logic of law as represented in the reported petition to the Governor for the pardon of Frank Walworth, and recommends a Court of Pardons to supersede the Governor in this matter.

The *Independent* has a leader on "The Ethical Test" in religion, in which it ridicules the orthodox idea that we are held responsible for Adam's original sin. The doctrine, it declares, "contradicts the first principles of morality, [for] if anything is certain it is that guilt is absolutely personal and inalienable." It adds of the orthodox theory that—

By prescriptive right, by priestly authority, such a dogma may be kept in vogue for a time; but it is no more than a temporary expedient. It is not a permanent belief of men that human sacrifices should be perpetuated in their worship.

The *Independent* has articles also on "The Domestic Manufacture of Pauperism" and "The Limitation of Church Property."

The *Golden Age* makes the entrance of Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, and Deems, of this city, into the domain of journalism as editors an occasion for some serious picks at "the religious press," which it accuses of being "almost wholly destitute of religious reading." In the following paragraph it accuses us of trying to injure its fair fame:—

Every Sunday morning the HERALD includes the *Golden Age* in its notices of the religious press; and thus, combining with other slanders of the press, it has almost ruined our reputation.

We can only say that we are sorry our contemporary is so confused about its religious status, which everybody else recognizes. If not religious, what?

The *Methodist* finds in the present distracted condition of Spain "a great lesson" for America, and says:—

There could be no more impressive comment on Roman Catholic education, no more startling warning to American citizens against the attempts of Roman ecclesiastics to interfere with our own public education.

And then it asks, Have the priests produced any other results by their training of the common people than are now seen in Spain? The *Methodist* cites France and Italy and South America as sustaining its own view of this teaching, and bids Americans "strike with paralysis any arm that Romanism may stretch out against our State education." In another editorial our contemporary shows in its own way how Catholicism is advancing backward.

The *Christian Intelligencer* has a leader on "Carrión and Carrión Merchants," by which it means vulgar criminals and the daily papers that parade their base crimes. It thinks the wanton display of criminal intelligence in the press tends to increase crime, and it asks what must be the moral effect of this graphic and sympathetic parade of crime and criminals. It thinks our homes, pure as they are, would be a great deal purer if it were not for such newspapers, and it wants to know how they can be fenced out.

The *Liberal Christian* (Unitarian) has a long and a strong leader on "Theism, Free Religion and Idealism in Comparison with Historic Christianity." All that is implied in the title is touched upon in the body, and the result is an insidious denial of the divinity of Christ.

The *Christian Leader* (Universalist) talks learnedly about "Baptism and Salvation" in answer to some High Church writer, who ascribed to baptism certain meretricious qualities. The *Leader* finds that as a Christian ordinance it possesses none.

The *Christian Advocate* applies the lance to Mr. Beecher's theology and finds in his late profession of faith through the *Christian Union* many things which should not be accepted without careful examination. His separating the intellectual and the emotional in religion, his portrayal of the typical theologian and other features of that profession are ranked as false to the originals they were designed to represent.

The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* (Baptist) defend the orthodox pulpit from the charge that its ministers do not preach enough about moral honesty, because if they did, it asserts, so many embezzlements, defalcations and failures in business and the like would not take place. The *Examiner* also refers to a discussion now going on in the British press touching the number of criminals who have been trained in Sunday schools. Such statistics, it says, prove nothing more than that schools are now so numerous that children can hardly grow up without spending some time in them—it may be days or it may be years.

The *Observer*, noticing some recent arrests of wealthy and well-bred thieves, comes out in defence of the street Arabs, who, it insists, should not be charged with furnishing all the recruits in crime. The *Observer* also tells its readers "How to Know the Truth," and has something to say about "Collegiate and Academic Institutions."

The *Evangelist* thinks Father Dealy's presence in the late Convocation of the Regents of the University of this State was a bid for the job of educating the State by the Jesuits. It very politely refuses to employ such school-masters, and points to the results of kindred education to that proposed here in Italy and Spain.

Church and State (Low Church Episcopal) asks, in an editorial, "Shall the minister face the people?" and in answer declares that "Christ is present in the souls of the disciples vastly more than he is in or about an altar." It therefore argues that if the ritualists want to turn toward Christ they must face the people

and not show their backs. It has a leader also on the "Revolution of Errors," showing how certain of them have risen and disappeared, while the truth has lived and triumphed.

The *Freeman's Journal* has an editorial on "Spain," in which the Carlist cause is advocated. It has one also on "The United States and the Conflicts in Europe," in which it takes the ground that this government should not "sympathize with the bastard republics of Europe," but should rather help to reinstate the ousted monarchs of Spain and France. Who are they, and where were they ousted?

The *Tablet* has a rejoinder to the *Methodist* on American education, and the *Review* pays its respects in like manner to the *Christian Advocate* and other Protestant journals, while the *Catholic Mirror* has a "feeler" for pilgrimages and shrines in the United States.

The *Jewish Messenger* thinks its coreligionists do not maintain Judaism, and the *Jewish Times* has an able article on prison reforms.

General Spinner on Resumption of Specie Payments.

Treasurer Spinner has finally concluded, as also has the German editor to whom he addressed the letter published in our issue of yesterday, that resumption of specie payments is put off until "the balance of trade shall be in our favor." When that time comes, he adds, "resumption will be easy; in truth, it will from that cause come of its own accord." Our government and the people too will learn that in time. It is just what we have said over and over again. For Congress to pass a resolution simply declaring that there shall be specie payments, while our gold and silver are demanded by foreign creditors in payment of the balance of trade against us and interest on our indebtedness abroad, would be like the Pope's terrible bull against the comet. If by any chance specie payments should be forced, as was the case in England shortly after the close of the war against Napoleon, in 1815, this country would, as England did, find it impracticable to maintain a specie basis until the conditions of trade should be favorable to such a course. The effort would, probably, seriously disturb all the channels of business and cause general bankruptcy, as it did in England, but could not succeed. When we can keep the precious metals in the country, or, to put it in another way, when Europe will not demand them in payment of the balance of trade against us, in addition to interest on our large indebtedness abroad, we can safely return to specie payments, and not until then.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Miss Anna Dickinson has gone to Colorado.

Sara Cornell, of Ithaca, is staying at the Astor House.

Judge Hughes, of New Orleans, is registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Colonel J. H. Baxter, of the United States Army, is at the Hoffman House.

Hon. Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior, has gone to St. Paul, Minn.

Ex-Governor Hoffman and family have returned to London from Frankfurt.

Lieutenant N. Sargent, of the United States Army, is at the Sturtevant House.

President J. F. Joy, of the Michigan Central Railroad, is at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Colonels Benton, Laidley and Crispin, of our army, are in Europe, inspecting new ordnance there.

There are two ministers in Lock Haven, Pa., who were formerly journeyman printers. They were devils also.

It is said that United States Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, has an income from his mining property of \$500,000 a year.

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church of this country, has been presiding over a German-American Methodist Conference in Wurttemberg.

Alderman Van Schalk has arrived in Paris, with the purpose of studying the French system of finance, to apply it to New York city finances.

Joseph P. Police, a poor machinist of Atlanta, Ga., by the death of a bachelor in Charleston, S. C., fell heir to \$52,000 worth of property and \$1,000 in gold.

The true Arthur Orton is said to be now on his way to England from Australia, to claim a legacy from his mother. The Tichborne Claimant may feel easy if this is true.

A girl named Lucinda Smith, at a ball in Mayville, Ky., called a justice into the room and sighted a revolver at Charles Brown. They were married then and there.

Fred Douglass is in Boston. He is preparing a lecture on the life and times of old Ossawatimie John Brown, who was hanged by Governor Henry A. Wise, in Virginia, for trying to get up a negro revolt at Harper's Ferry.

Monseigneur Cavalchini, formerly the Chamberlain to the Pope, recently died in Marseilles of apoplexy. He was separated from the Papal Court on account of the degree of infidelity.

It is said that Charles T. Sherman, United States Judge for the Northern district of Ohio, will find it convenient to resign before the meeting of Congress. Some hard stories have been told about him.

An old lady named Hancock, at Chickopee Falls, Mass., has lain on one side for five years. The physicians say that any change of position would cause her death. Her disease is water around the heart.

Mr. Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," thinks he can make himself a great statesman if given a chance, by the borough of Dundee, in which he is now contesting with another writer, Mr. Fitz-James Stephens.

Hon. Stephen A. Cobb, member of Congress from the Second district of Kansas, has sued the *Wyandotte Gazette* for defamation of character, claiming \$10,000. The libel consists in the *Gazette* saying that Cobb lobbied in the back pay business, was only captain instead of colonel in the Indian service, robbed the government of \$10,000, and attempted to break a witness in a suit in which he was a party.

General Crawford, of the United States Army, who is in Europe on a six months' leave of absence, attended a late review of the Foot Guards in Hyde Park. His escort was General Sir Hastings Doyle, late Governor of Nova Scotia, who presented the General to the Prince of Wales and distinguished military men present. He has been made a visiting member of the United Service, the Junior United Service and the Travellers' Clubs.

OBITUARY.

Rinaldo Rinaldi.

The journals of Rome mention the death of Rinaldo Rinaldi, the last pupil of Canova. He was born at Padua in 1793, and executed his first statue when only fourteen years of age. It was a figure representing St. Anthony, and is now in the Church of Arcella, near the latter city. He went to Rome when he was twenty, and then asked Canova to accept him among his pupils. The great master was one day so struck with a group which the young man had just modelled that he exclaimed, "You are a born sculptor! Would to Heaven that you were my son!" The principal works of Rinaldi are his "Cassandra" and the "Return of Ulysses to His Native Land," and a "St. Stephen," which may be seen at Rome in the Church of St. Paul, outside the walls.

Princess Eleonore Schwarzenberg.

The death, in Germany, is announced of the Princess Eleonore Schwarzenberg, sixty-one years of age. She was a person of remarkable beauty, and created something of a furore in London in 1838, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's coronation, to which her husband had been deputed by the Austrian government.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

An Attempted Trip in a Revenue Cutter—Fun in a Fog—The President and (Male) Party on a Primitive Island Sleeping in Improvised Beds—The Return to Bangor.

BANGOR, Me., August 16, 1873.
The Presidential party, consisting of General Grant, his three children, Speaker and Mrs. Blaine, Governor and Mrs. Perham, Senators Cameron, Morrill and Hamlin, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Morrill, Congressman Burleigh and wife, Congressman Halsey, Speaker Blaine's sons and daughter, Mr. Pullen, editor of the *Portland Press*; William Collier and son, of *Harrisburg*; Pa.; Clarence Hale, of *Portland*; ex-Attorney General T. B. Reed, Henry Brown, Colonel H. S. Ogodood and Mr. A. Washburn, of *Hallowell*, returned to this city at two o'clock to-day in the revenue cutter *McCullough*, having failed, on account of the weather, to reach their harbor yesterday. The fog was so impenetrable when they had reached a point about twenty-five miles below Rockland that the pilot was unable to direct the course of the vessel. They lay at anchor for some hours, hoping that the fog would lift, but night coming on, and the weather being still as thick as ever, the trip was abandoned. Then a difficulty presented itself; the cutter could only supply sleeping accommodations for the ladies, and the President and his male friends began to consider the difficulties of slumbering on bare boards. Finally it was decided to advance in search of land and habitations. The anchor was weighed, and the cutter slowly and cautiously felt her way through the mist. Soon one of the Fox islands was discovered, and North Haven, a lobster fishing station, was made. Then the cutter lay to, and the gentlemen, disembarking, scattered on a tour of observation, that resulted in the welcome discovery of a house capable of housing all the male members of the party.

IMPROVISED BEDS were provided, and the party took this little inconvenience very good naturedly. Considerable rain had fallen, and they had to wade through mud and slush to reach the haven of rest on shore, where there were no mosquitoes to interrupt the President's quiet repose through the long watches of the night. Morning at last dawned, and the party, amid jokes and sallies hurled at each other, crept into their pantaloons, coats and boots, and, after their ablutions, fell in and took up their line march for the cutter. Mr. Pullen, who was the life of the party, was sent out as a scout to get the bearings, and the others, keeping in sight of his gigantic figure, that looked like a stage ghost fast, pressed into mist, picked their way in his track. The presiding guide finally espied the welcome cutter, and, with a whoop, was soon over her bulwarks. The gentlemen at once sought the ladies and party, and the usual round about of the abundance of provisions on board, a substantial breakfast was served on the way up. Colonel H. S. Ogodood acting as steward, and commissary of subsistence. The only point touched at was a small twenty-five miles below here, where some went ashore for a brief period to admire the superb summer hotel and the near vicinity of the city. From here Senator Hamlin telegraphed to the proprietors of the Penobscot Exchange to prepare dinner at three o'clock for thirty-five of his guests. On the arrival of the cutter at Bangor, a number of citizens were gathered, but no demonstration was made beyond the firing of a salute in honor of the distinguished party. The cutter, about about to land, the cutter party reached the hotel at twenty minutes before three, and about four o'clock the covers were lifted, the napkins opened, the cork extracted, and the present writing. Senator Hamlin's party are still attending to the cravings of their appetites. A few of the residents, including Captain Charles A. Boutwell, editor of the *Wing* and *Register*, dined in the dinner, which was splendidly served.

Narrow Escape of the President and Party from Shipwreck and Death—The Revenue Cutter at One Time Lost in the Fog.

BANGOR, Me., August 16, 1873.
Since my despatch of this afternoon facts have been given me by reliable gentlemen, connected with the cruise of the *McCullough* in Penobscot Bay yesterday, that justify me in the statement that the President and party had a narrow escape from shipwreck, if not death. The facts, which some of the party induced the reporters to overlook, lest they would cause alarm and comment, are briefly these:—Before the party embarked Secretary Robeson, fearing the storm would reach the main coast about the time of sailing, telegraphed the commander of the cutter, "Do not take President out into salt water." Notwithstanding the Secretary's solicitude about the President, the cutter was sent out. About three o'clock, when she had run some twenty-five miles, feeling her way carefully through mist and darkness, the cutter was now slowing down, until the motion of the vessel, as she steamed